

MARVEL  
COMICS

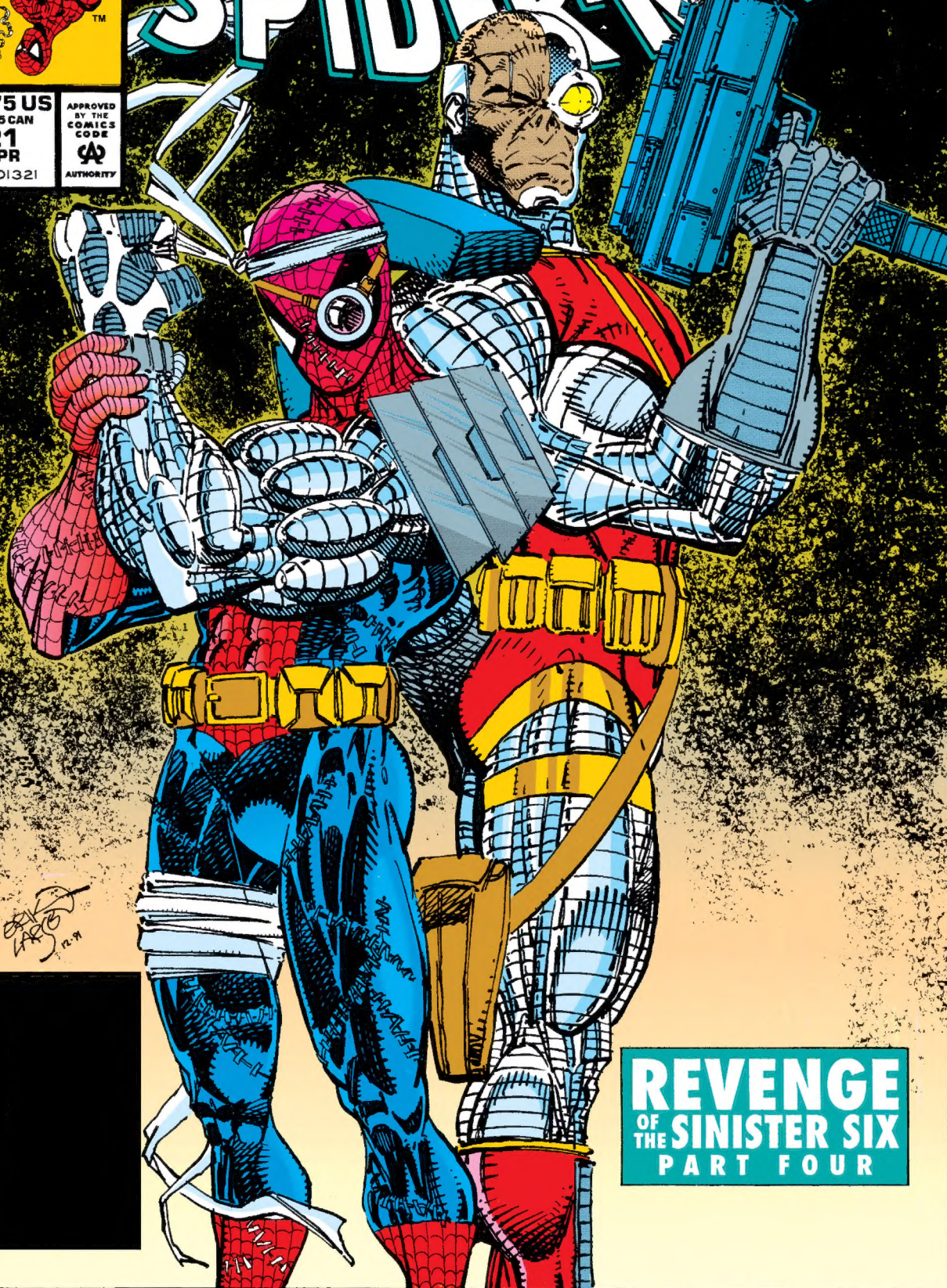


\$1.75 US  
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BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

THIS ISSUE: **DEATHLOK™**  
AND **SOLO™** AND  
A STRANGE CHANGE IN . . .

# SPIDER-MAN®



**REVENGE**  
OF THE **SINISTER SIX**  
PART FOUR



THE SUPER-VILLAIN, MYSTERIO, HAS USED HIS ILLUSION CASTING CAPABILITY TO MAKE SOLO BELIEVE THAT THE UNCONSCIOUS, BLEEDING FORM OF SPIDER-MAN IS INSTEAD DOCTOR OCTOPUS.

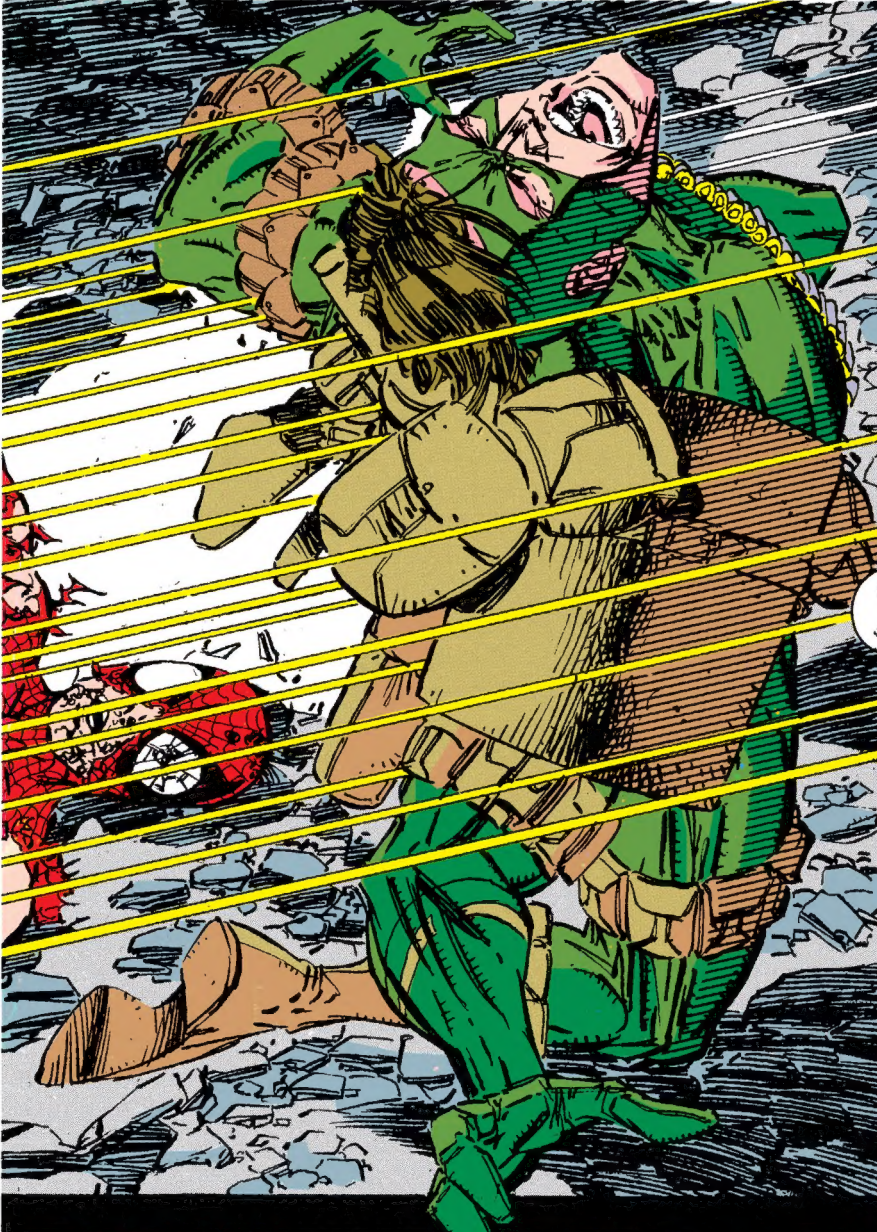
STAN LEE PRESENTS :

# DEALING ARMS

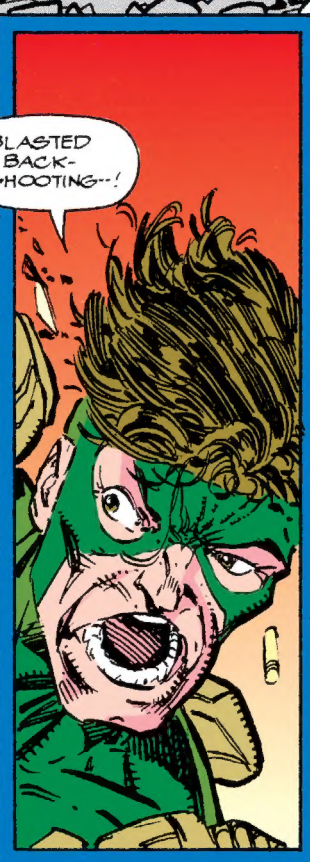
ERIK LARSEN STORY & PICTURES  
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS LETTERS  
JOE ROSAS COLORS  
DANNY FINGEROTH EDITS  
TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

UNFORTUNATELY,  
FOR SPIDEY,  
THE VIGILANTE  
INTENDS TO KILL  
DOCTOR  
OCTOPUS.

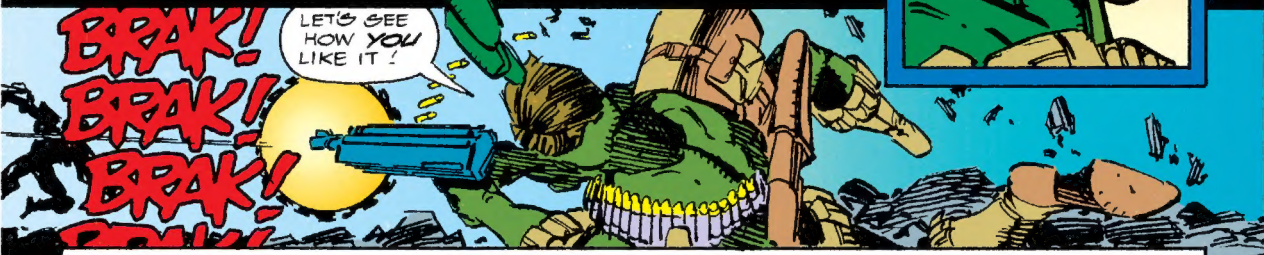




**FWOP!**  
**FWOP!**  
**FWOP!**

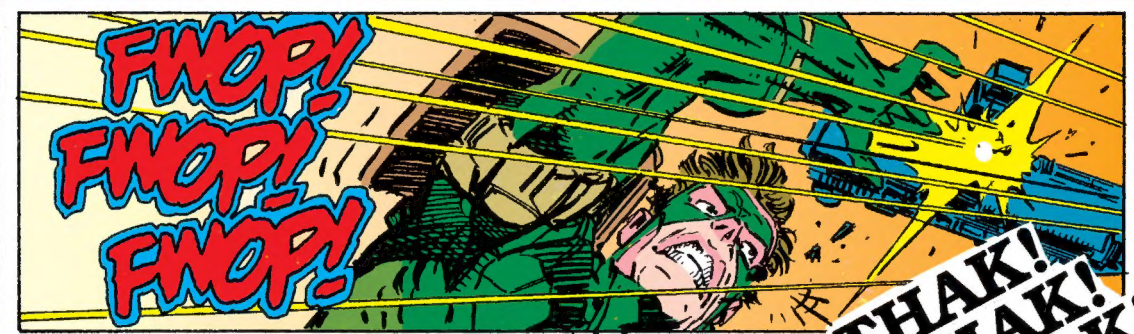


BLASTED  
BACK-  
SHOOTING--!



**BRAK!**  
**BRAK!**  
**BRAK!**

LET'S SEE  
HOW YOU  
LIKE IT!

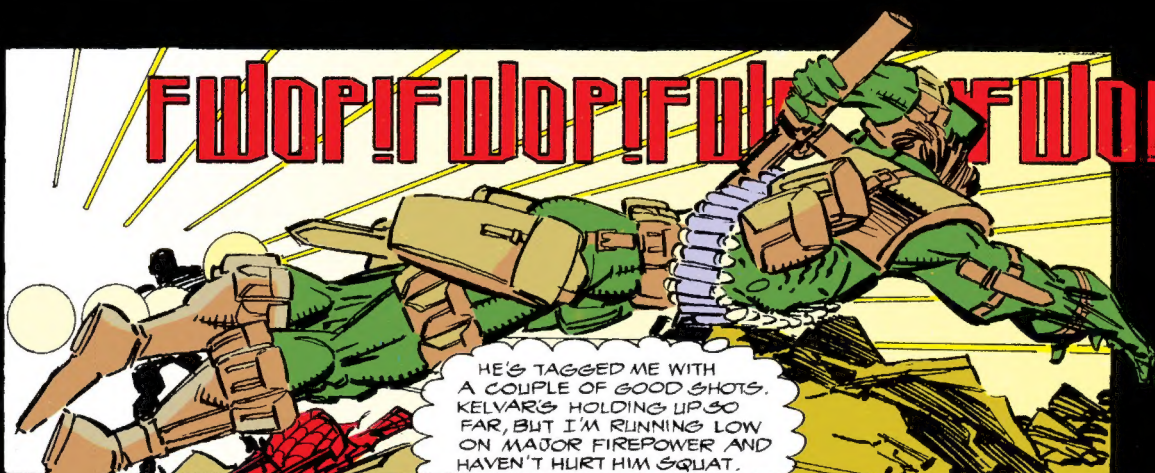


**FWOP!**  
**FWOP!**  
**FWOP!**

**THAK!**  
**THAK!**  
**THAK!**  
**THAK!**



FWOP! FWOP! FWOP! FWOP!



HE'S TAGGED ME WITH  
A COUPLE OF GOOD SHOTS.  
KELVAR'S HOLDING UP SO  
FAR, BUT I'M RUNNING LOW  
ON MAJOR FIREPOWER AND  
HAVEN'T HURT HIM SQUAT.

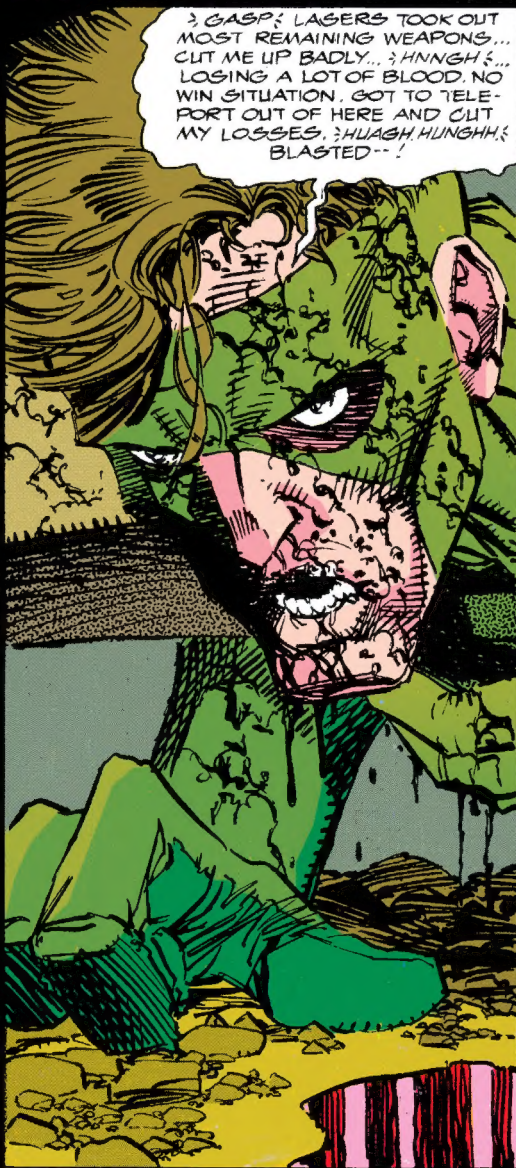
FASP! FASP! FASP! FASP! FASP! F



UNNGH!  
UNNGHH!

HULLANGHH!  
UNNGHH!

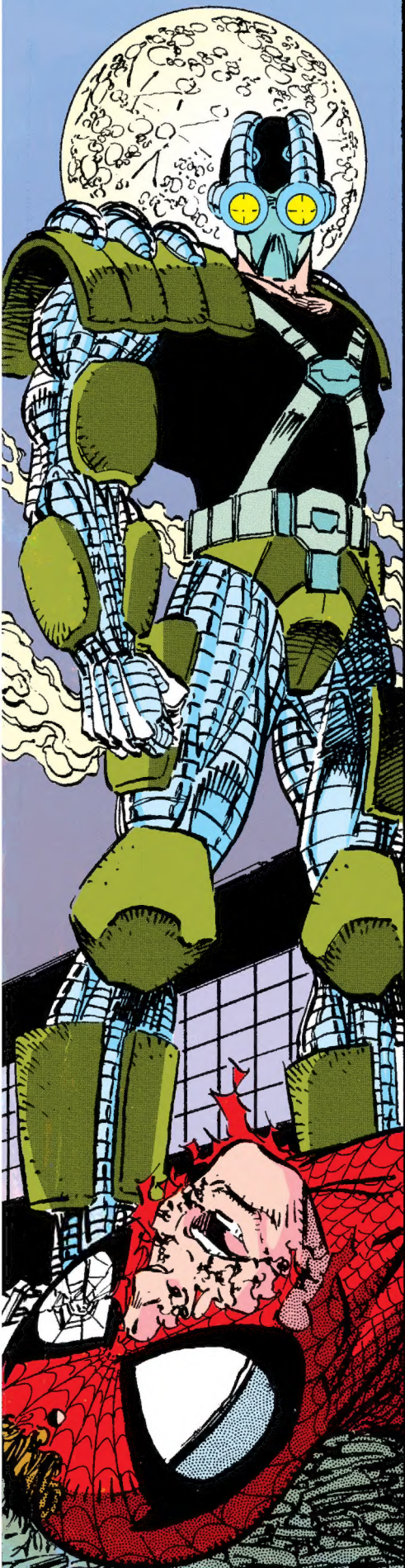
3 GASP! LASERS TOOK OUT  
MOST REMAINING WEAPONS...  
CUT ME UP BADLY... 3 HNNGH...  
LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD. NO  
WIN SITUATION. GOT TO TELE-  
PORT OUT OF HERE AND CUT  
MY LOSSES. 3 HUAGH, HUNGH, 3  
BLASTED--!



FWOP!







MYSTERIO MADE SOLO BELIEVE HE'D KILLED THE SINISTER SIX AND THAT THE NEW JERSEY BUILDING THEY WERE IN HAD BEEN DESTROYED. THE BUILDING STANDS AND THE VILLAINS LIVE.

YOU BETRAYED US BEFORE, OCTOPLUS, WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU NOW WITH OUR VERY LIVES?

YES, WHY SHOULD...

GEEZ, FELLAHS, WHAT'S IT TAKE?

I'M WITH YOU, DOC.

MUST WE GO THROUGH THIS SAME TIRESOME DEBATE AGAIN?

IF I INTENDED TO KILL YOU, I'VE HAD PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES TO DO SO CLEARLY, THAT IS NOT THE CASE.

TRUE ENOUGH, OCTOPLUS, AND YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES, TOO. BUT THEN WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE OTHER DIMENSION WE'RE PREPARING TO ENTER.







PETER--?

PETER  
ARE YOU  
HERE?

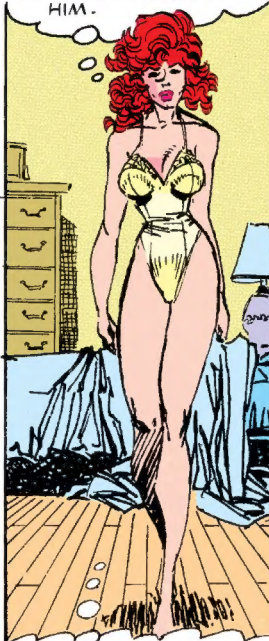
MANHATTAN.

HE DIDN'T  
MAKE IT  
HOME LAST  
NIGHT.

SOMETIMES I GET SO  
WORRIED. I THINK HE'S  
FINALLY GOTTEN HIMSELF  
INTO A SITUATION THAT  
HE CAN'T GET OUT OF--  
THAT BEING SPIDER-MAN  
HAS FINALLY CAUGHT  
UP WITH HIM.

AND THAT PETER'S  
DEAD AND I'M  
ALONE AGAIN.

OKAY, OKAY, NO NEED  
TO GO OFF THE DEEP  
END, IT'S NOT LIKE  
THIS HASN'T HAPPENED  
BEFORE. MAYBE  
DR. STRANGE OR  
SOMEBODY NEEDED  
HIM.

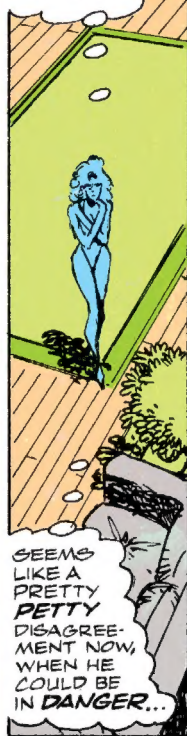


STILL, IT'S TIMES LIKE  
THIS WHEN I REALLY  
FEEL ROTTEN. PETER AND  
I HAVE BEEN GOING AT  
IT LATELY-- HE REALLY  
DOESN'T WANT ME TO  
DO THIS ARNOLD  
SCHWARZENHEIMER  
PICTURE AND THAT'S  
BEEN A REAL BONE OF  
CONTENTION.

HE DOESN'T CARE  
FOR THE IDEA OF  
HIS WIFE DOING  
NUDE SCENES  
IN A BIG BUDGET  
PICTURE. STILL,  
IT WOULD BE A  
TREMENDOUS  
BREAK FOR ME  
TO DO THIS MOVIE,  
AND I WANT TO  
DO IT.



IT REALLY  
SEEMS TO  
BOTHER HIM  
THOUGH.



SEEMS  
LIKE A  
PRETTY  
PETTY  
DISAGREE-  
MENT NOW,  
WHEN HE  
COULD BE  
IN DANGER...

WHOOFS,  
LOOK AT THE  
DATE!



PETE'S BIRTH-  
DAY IS COMING  
UP SOON AND I  
HAVEN'T EVEN  
STARTED PLAN-  
NING OR SHOP-  
PING FOR IT YET.



A comic book illustration of Spider-Man as Cyborg. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his iconic red and blue suit. His right arm is replaced by a large, blue, segmented mechanical arm with multiple joints and a claw-like hand. His left arm is also mechanical, with a blue, segmented forearm and a hand that has several long, blue, cylindrical fingers. He is looking up with a surprised expression, his mouth open. A large, jagged speech bubble is positioned above his head. The background is a simple greenish-grey with some white lines suggesting motion or impact. The overall style is classic comic book art with bold lines and a limited color palette.

**WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO ME?**

I'VE BEEN  
TURNED INTO  
SOME KIND  
OF CYBORG--!

I THINK I'M  
GOING TO BE  
SICK.

AH, YOU'RE  
AWAKE. GOOD



THIS HAD BETTER BE A **GAG** FOR ONE OF THOSE **BLOOPER** OR **PRACTICAL JOKE** SHOWS OR I'M GOING TO BE **REALLY** STEAMED.

RELAX SPIDER-MAN, YOU'RE AT **CARE LABS** IN MANHATTAN. A GOVERNMENT OWNED FACILITY. I'M **OSCAR McDONNELL**, THE HEAD GUY AROUND THESE PARTS.

YOUR ARM IS IN A **CAST**--YOU HAD A **HAIR-LINE FRACTURE**. THIS CAST WILL ALLOW YOU TO MAINTAIN **FULL FUNCTION** WHILE ALLOWING IT TO HEAL AT AN **ACCELERATED RATE**.

THAT'S A RELIEF! HOW DID I GET HERE?

STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT WAS **CYBORG X** WHO BROUGHT YOU IN.

EVERYBODY'S PUTTING X'S IN THEIR NAMES THESE DAYS.

OKAY, I'LL BITE... WHO'S **CYBORG X**?

I BELIEVE YOU REFERRED TO HIM AS "A **PSYCHOTIC TRANSFORMER**" OR "**DESTRUCTIVE SHAPE-CHANGING PSYCHOPATH**." AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE TRANSCRIPTS OF HIS MEMORY BANK MAINTAIN.

HE'S THE **CYBORG** YOU MET IN THAT SHOPPING CENTER A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. HE'S THE FIRST IN A LINE OF A NEW BREED OF **SUPER-SOLDIERS**... A **CAPTAIN AMERICA** FOR THE 90'S. AT LEAST THAT WAS THE PLAN.

AN UNFORTUNATE **ACCIDENT** DURING HIS **TESTING** LED TO A **MAJOR MALFUNCTION** IN HIS **COMPUTER PROGRAMMING**.

MOST OF X'S **SENSES** ARE SUPPLIED BY THAT **PROGRAM** AND WITH IT TEMPORARILY **SCRAMBLED**. HE WAS **FLASHING BACK** TO THE LAST FEW HOURS PRIOR TO HIS "**DEATH**" IN THE RECENT **GULF WAR** BEFORE WE REBUILT HIM.

HIS **SIGHT** WAS REDUCED TO LITTLE MORE THAN A **BLUR** AND HIS **HEARING** WAS A **PIERCING WHINE OF FEEDBACK**.

HIS **COMPUTER** LOCKED ONTO YOUR **DIS-TINCTIVE BIO-RHYTHM**. AS HIS **COMPUTER** WAS ABLE TO START **REASSEMBLING ITSELF** IT SEARCHED YOU--ONE OF THE FEW THINGS HE **REMEMBERED**--OUT, AS A **HOPE** THAT YOU'D BE ABLE TO **HELP HIM**.

YOU WERE IN **DANGER**, SO X **SAVED YOUR LIFE**. BY THAT POINT X'S **VISION** WAS **FUNCTIONING** AGAIN SO THE **HUMAN PORTION** OF X **RECOGNIZED YOU**. **LUCKILY** FOR YOU, HIS **COMPUTER** WAS **REPAIRING ITSELF QUICKLY** AND HE WAS ABLE TO **FIND HOME** AND **BRING YOU HERE**. YOU'D **LOST A LOT OF BLOOD**...

ISSUE # 18.  
--DANNY



YOUR BIO-RHYTHM INFORMATION HAS BEEN DUMPED FROM CYBORG X'S PROGRAMMING. WE DID ALL OF OUR PATCH-WORK ON YOU WITHOUT REMOVING YOUR COSTUME, SO YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT WHAT-EVER SECRETS YOU HAVE, WE DON'T.

WE EVEN REPLACED YOUR DAMAGED EYEPiece.

I TRY TO INSTILL WITHIN MY PEOPLE A LARGE DEGREE OF SIMPLE TRUSTWORTHINESS. THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN TAKING A BAD RAP EVER SINCE THE WHOLE WATER-GATE SCANDAL AND I'M DOING MY PART TO TRY TO RESTORE THE NOTION OF AN HONEST GOVERNMENT.

OUR PRIMARY GOAL IS TO COME UP WITH NEW WEAPONS FOR THE MILITARY EFFORT. ALSO, WE'RE LOOKING TOWARD DEVELOPING SUPER HEROES OF OUR OWN. CYBORG X IS THE FIRST SUCH EFFORT FROM THIS FACILITY. STEPS ARE BEING TAKEN NOW TO ASSURE THAT THE INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

ANY QUESTIONS?

PLENTY.

ABOUT THIS X GUY. WHO WAS HE? DO HIS PARENTS OR FRIENDS KNOW HE'S ALIVE? WHO SAID YOU COULD DO WITH HIM WHAT YOU'VE DONE? WHAT'S BEING DONE TO HELP THE PEOPLE HE HURT DURING HIS RAMPAGE?

ALSO, HOW DO I KNOW YOU ARE WHO YOU SAY YOU ARE AND WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU?



THE GOVERNMENT WILL BE TREATING THIS AS A NATIONAL DISASTER AND THEY'LL BE MAKING RESTITUTION TO THE VICTIMS AS SOON AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE. HIS REAL NAME IS CLASSIFIED. HE GAVE US THE AUTHORITY TO DO WHAT WE HAVE HIMSELF. HIS PARENTS AND FRIENDS HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT HE'S MISSING IN ACTION. HE HASN'T WANTED US TO INFORM THEM OF HIS PRESENT CONDITION YET.

COME WITH ME AND I'LL PROVIDE YOU WITH ANSWERS TO YOUR OTHER QUESTIONS.

THE CAFETERIA IS THIS WAY, TOO.



I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A STICKY BUN OR A BOWL OF CAPTAIN CRUNCH OR SOMETHING? I'M FAMISHED!

CARE LABS COVERS THE BETTER PART OF A CITY BLOCK AND EXTENDS A FULL TEN STORIES BELOW GROUND LEVEL. MUCH OF OUR WORK HERE IS CONSIDERED CLASSIFIED. I'M ALLOWING YOU MORE ACCESS BECAUSE OF YOUR STANDING AS A RESERVE AVENGER AND YOUR WORK WITH NICK FURY AND CAPTAIN AMERICA.



LOOK I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE BUT I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO AND PEOPLE TO SEE.

THAT CYBORG FELLOW DID A LOT OF DAMAGE TO A LOT OF PEOPLE AND YOU GUYS ARE RESPONSIBLE-- I'D FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE SEEING HIM TURNED OVER TO S.H.I.E.L.D. OR SOMETHING.





THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH OF A PROBLEM. THEY'RE ALREADY HERE. WE WORK TOGETHER OFTEN.

OH, I GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON. HOW'S HE DOING?

HE'S GETTING BETTER. HOWEVER, CYBORG'S MALFUNCTION WILL GET THIS PROGRAM BACK YEARS.



HEY THERE, STRANGER!



YEP OTHER THAN THIS RECENT DISASTER, THINGS SEEM TO BE GOING JUST FINE.

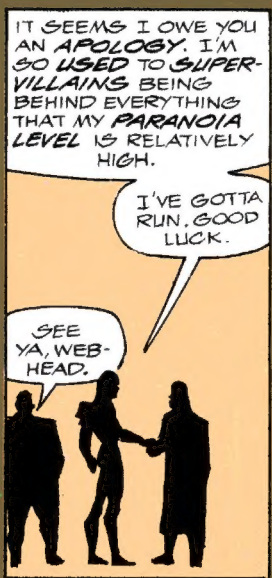


GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MY FRIEND. BRING THE CAST BACK WHEN YOUR ARM HAS HEALED-- THOSE THINGS ARE EXPENSIVE.



DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD PAL DUM DUM DUBAN?

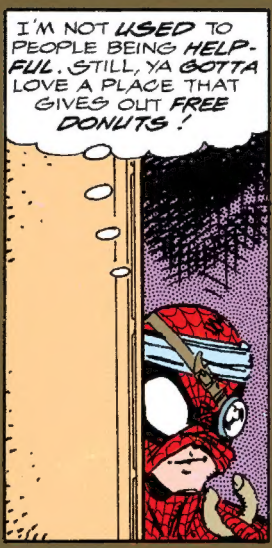
FURY SENT ME TO CHECK UP ON THESE CLOWNS.



IT SEEMS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY. I'M SO USED TO SUPER-VILLAINS BEING BEHIND EVERYTHING THAT MY PARANOIA LEVEL IS RELATIVELY HIGH.

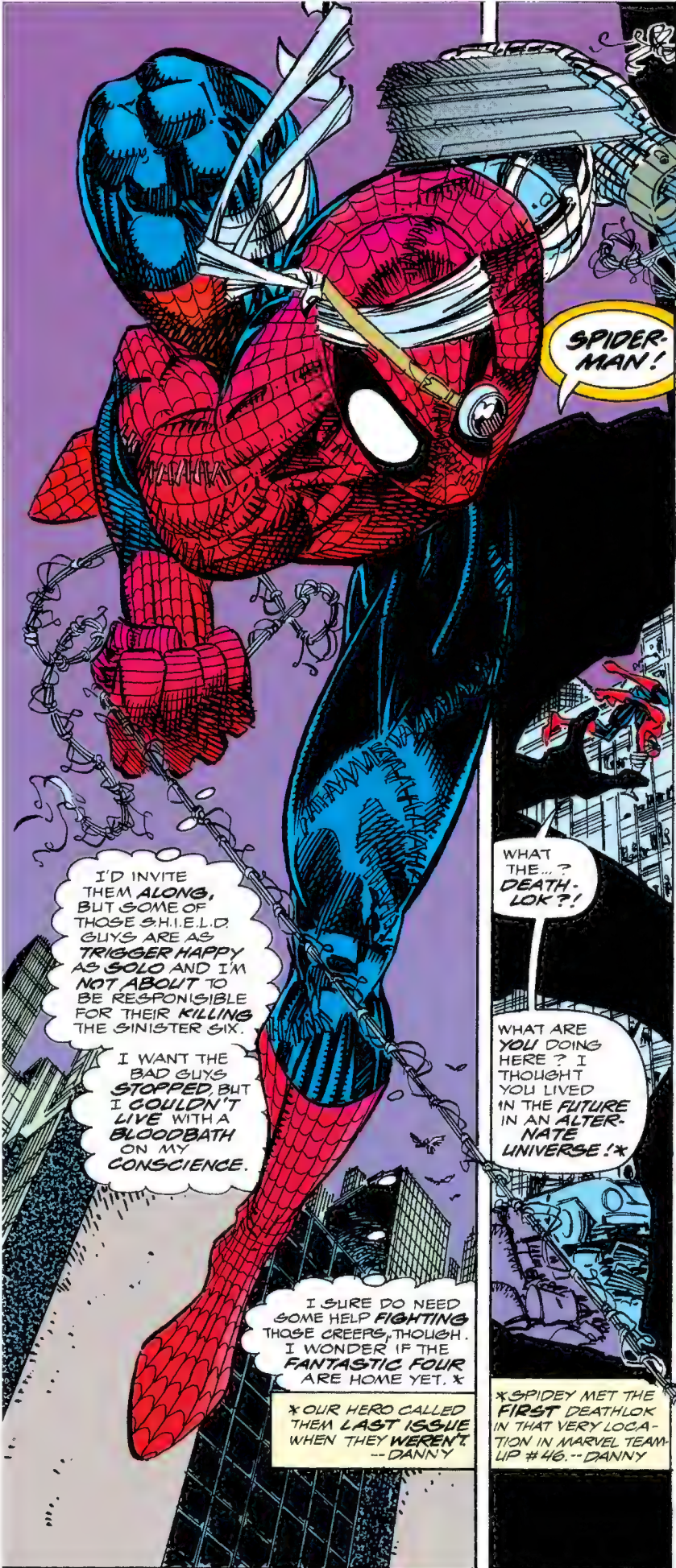
I'VE GOTTA RUN. GOOD LUCK.

SEE YA, WEB-HEAD.



I'M NOT USED TO PEOPLE BEING HELPFUL. STILL, YA GOTTA LOVE A PLACE THAT GIVES OUT FREE DONUTS!





I'VE BEEN TOLD YOU'RE QUITE A HUMORIST BUT IF THAT WAS A JOKE...

SPIDER-MAN!

I'D INVITE THEM ALONG, BUT SOME OF THOSE S.H.I.E.L.D. GUYS ARE AS TRIGGER HAPPY AS SOLO AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR KILLING THE SINISTER SIX.

I WANT THE BAD GUYS STOPPED BUT I COULDN'T LIVE WITH A BLOODBATH ON MY CONSCIENCE.

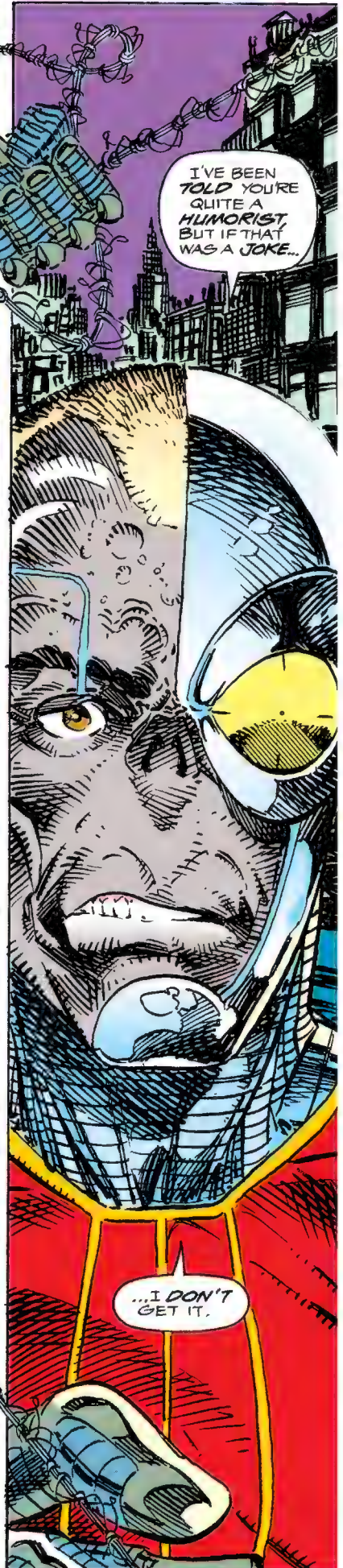
I SURE DO NEED SOME HELP FIGHTING THOSE CREEPS, THOUGH. I WONDER IF THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE HOME YET. \*

\*OUR HERO CALLED THEM LAST ISSUE WHEN THEY WEREN'T. --DANNY

WHAT THE...? DEATH-LOK?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU LIVED IN THE FUTURE IN AN ALTER-NATE UNIVERSE! \*

\*SPIDEY MET THE FIRST DEATHLOK IN THAT VERY LOCATION IN MARVEL TEAM-UP #46. --DANNY



...I DON'T GET IT.





NEVER MIND.

WHAT'S UP, 'LOK?

I'M **DEATHLOK**. ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE **MET**. I NEED TO **TALK** TO YOU REGARDING **CARE LABS**.

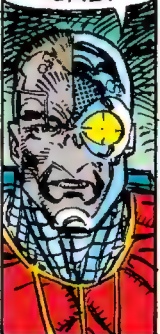
YOU DON'T **LOOK** LIKE I'VE SEEN YOU **PICTURED**... WHAT **HAPPENED** TO YOU?

IT'S A **LONG** STORY. THE **READERS** **DIGEST** VERSION IS THAT THE **LAB BOYS** **PATCHED** ME UP AFTER I'D BEEN **TRASHED** BY A **GANG** OF MY **OLD FOES** CALLED THE **SINISTER SIX**.

WHAT ABOUT **CARE LABS**?

I WAS PUT INTO THIS **CYBORG** BODY YOU SEE BEFORE YOU **AGAINST** MY **WILL**. I'M A **PACIFIST** AND YET I WAS PUT INTO THE BODY OF THIS **UNSTOPPABLE KILLING MACHINE**. AN OUTFIT CALLED **CYBERTEK** DID THE DIRTY WORK BUT I **FEAR** THE SAME THING MAY BE **HAPPENING** **HERE**.

I WAS **SOMEHOW** ABLE TO **EXERT** MY **HUMAN PERSONA** AND TAKE **CONTROL** OF THIS **DEATHLOK**. **CYBORG** BUT I'M **AFRAID** THAT **MAY NOT** BE THE CASE OF THE **HUMAN GUINEA PIGS** THAT THE **GOVERNMENT** IS **USING**. MY **ON-BOARD** **COMPUTER** **INFORMS** ME THAT **SOME** OF THE **PERSONNEL** WHO **WORKED** ON **DEVELOPING** **ME** ARE **EMPLOYED** **HERE**.



**SIGH**. I **THOUGHT** IT ALL SEEMED TOO **NOBLE** TO BE **TRUE**.



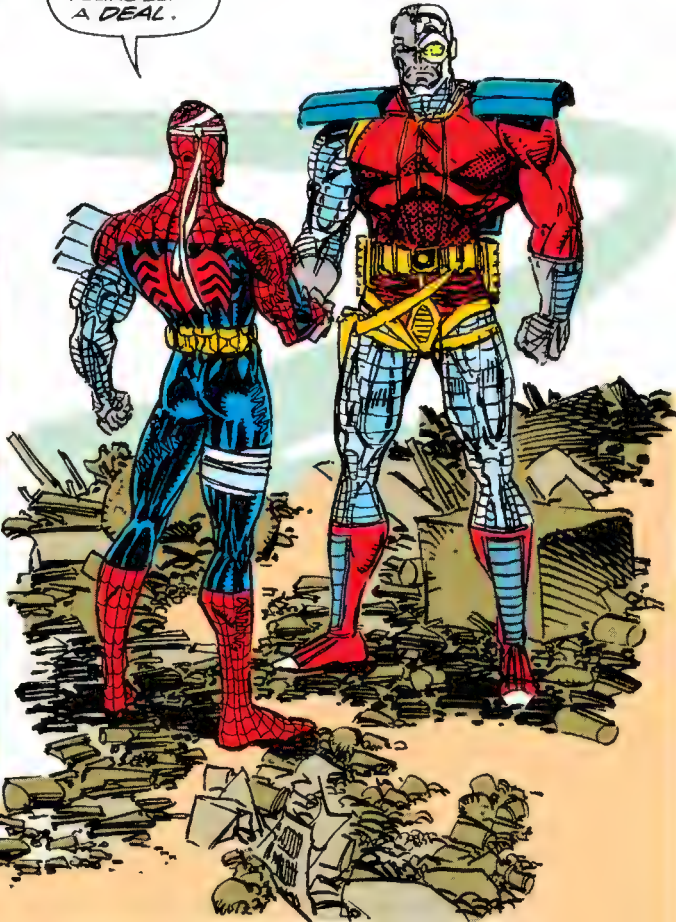
I'D LOVE TO **HELP** YOU OUT, BUT THE **SINISTER SIX** MAY BE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO **TAKING** OVER THE **WORLD** UNLESS I GET OVER TO **NEW JERSEY**.



YOU SOUND TO ME LIKE A **DESPERATE** MAN. LET **ME** **HELP** YOU. IF WE **COME** OUT OF THIS **ALIVE**, YOU CAN **RETURN** THE **FAVOR** BY **ASSISTING** **ME**.

**MISTER**, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A **DEAL**.

LET'S **GET** 'EM!





NEW JERSEY.

WELL,  
THIS IS  
THE PLACE.

THE RESEARCH  
BEING DONE IN THIS  
LAB IS **PRIMARILY**  
EXPLORATION INTO  
OTHER **DIMENSIONS**.  
THEY HAD A MUCH  
PUBLICIZED CONTACT  
RECENTLY WITH A  
DIMENSION WHOSE  
TECHNOLOGY  
IS FAR ADVANCED  
FROM OURS. I'M  
**SURE** THAT'S WHY  
**OCK** AND HIS  
CRONIES ARE **HERE**--  
HE'S BEEN GETTING  
HIGH-TECH LATELY.

IT'S BEEN CLOSE TO  
12 HOURS SINCE I  
WAS LAST HERE, SO  
I'M NOT QUITE **SURE**  
WHAT TO **EXPECT**.

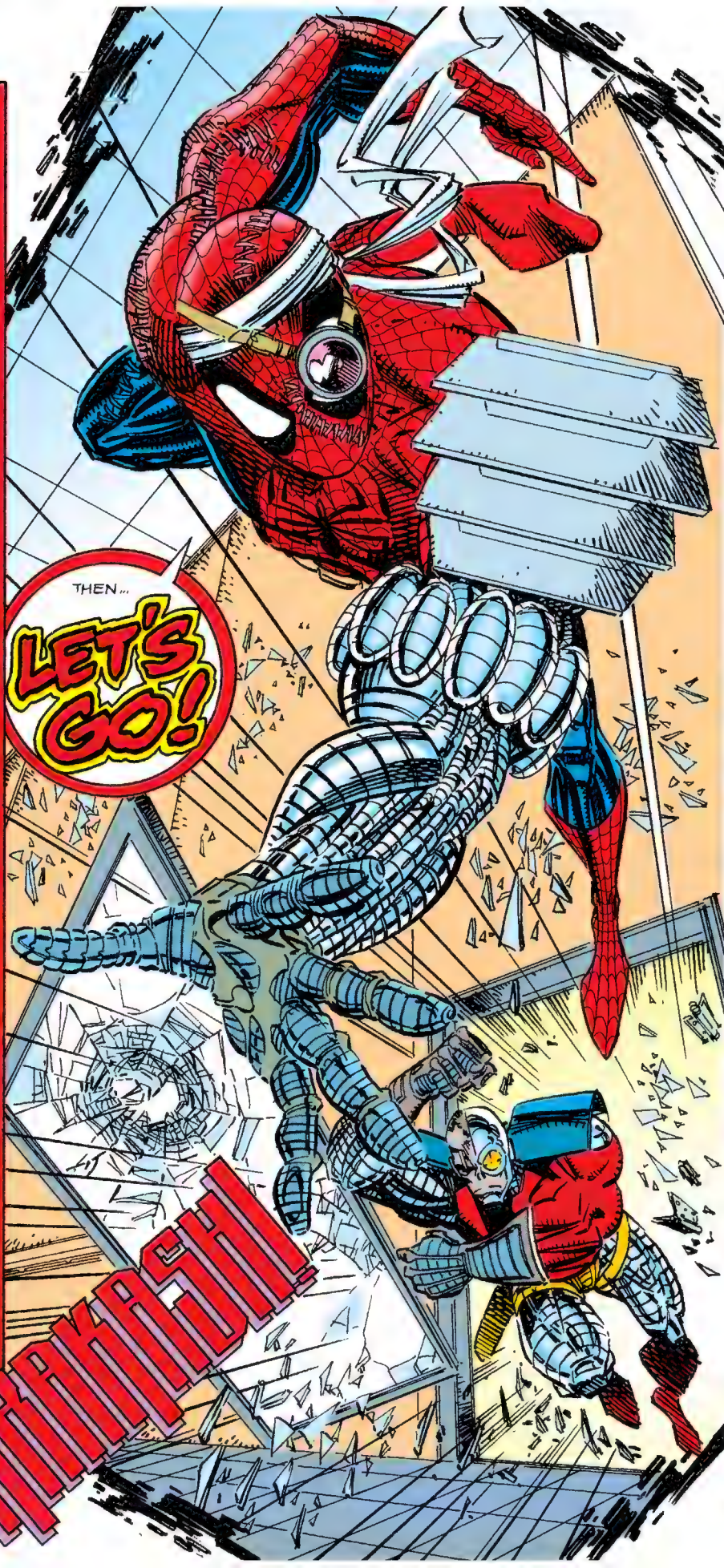
Scan indicates no  
living  
organisms  
inside building.  
Defense drones  
present

MY COMPUTER  
TELLS ME NO-  
BODY'S HOME  
BUT THEIR **ROBOT**  
**GUARD DOGS**.  
THEY MAY STILL  
BE IN THE **OTHER**  
**DIMENSION**.

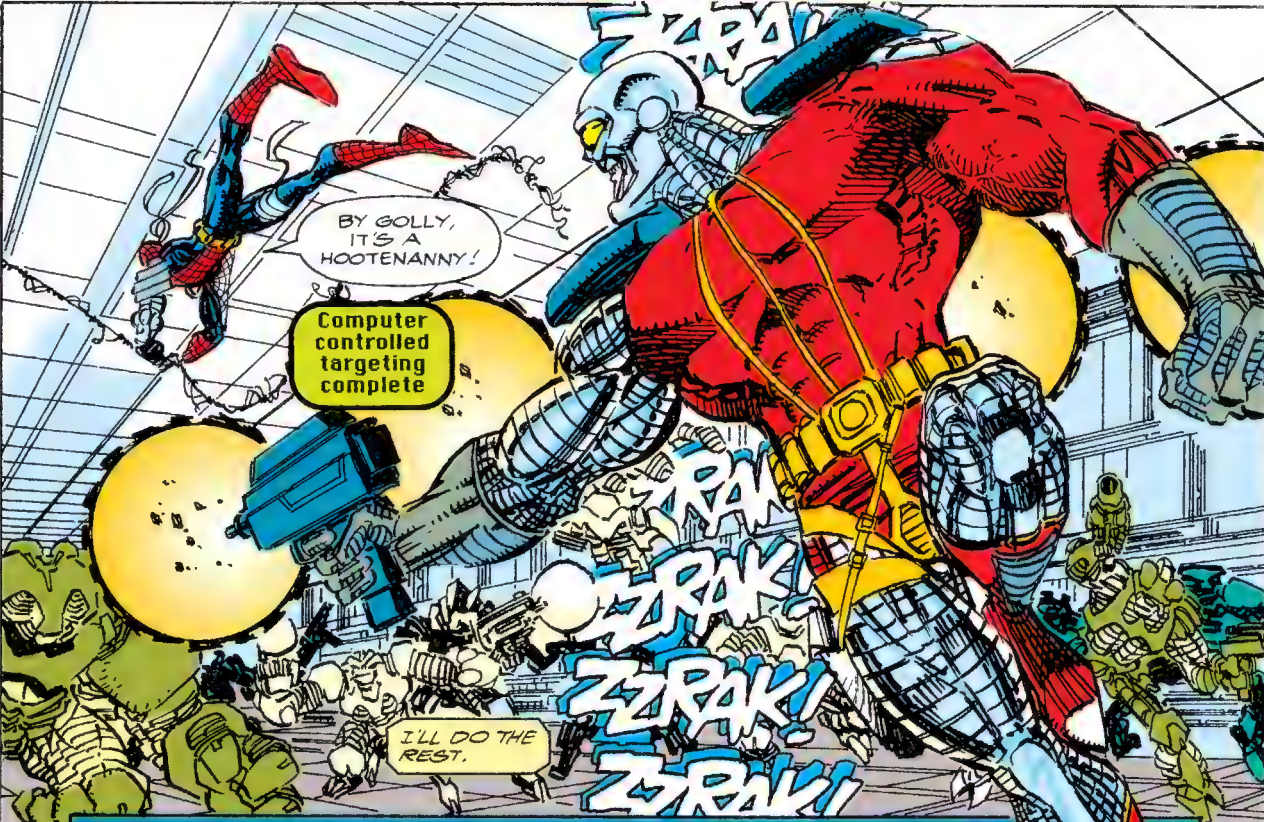
THEN...

**LET'S  
GO!**

**KRAKASH!**







I SEE OCK'S PUT HIS OLD ARMS TO GOOD USE--IT'S NICE TO SEE THAT HE'S MAKING AN EFFORT TO RECYCLE.

RRRUUUUU!!!







I'M MISSING  
A **METS** GAME  
FOR THIS.

I **MUST**  
BE SICK.

**Crunch!**

**Crunch!**

Y'KNOW, D.L.,  
FOR AN ALLEGED  
**PACIFIST** YOU  
SURE ARE **BLOOD-  
THIRSTY**.

I... I'VE GOT  
A CAPACITY  
FOR **VIOLENCE**  
AND IT **SCARES**  
ME. I DON'T  
LIKE THAT IN  
MYSELF

THAT'S WHY  
I'M A  
**PACIFIST**.  
THAT'S  
WHY I WANT  
**PEACE** SO  
MUCH.

THIS LOOKS  
LIKE WHERE  
THEY TOOK OFF.  
NOW, HOW DO WE  
STOP THEM?

HMMM.

SCIENTISTS WORKED  
FOR **YEARS** ON THIS  
CONTRAPTION. I DON'T  
THINK WE SHOULD  
IMPETUOUSLY **DESTROY**  
IT. **BESIDES**, I  
DON'T THINK IT'S  
**RIGHT** FOR US TO  
FOIST THEM OFF ON  
THE INHABITANTS OF  
THE OTHER DIMENSION,  
IF THEY **ARE** STILL  
THERE.

YOU'RE NOT  
**SUGGESTING**  
WHAT I **HOPE**  
YOU'RE NOT  
**SUGGESTING**?

**AFRAID**  
SO.



I DON'T  
LIKE THIS.

HEY, NEITHER DO I--  
BUT I **DO** IT--AND YOU  
KNOW **WHY**? 'CAUSE  
I'D RATHER DO **THIS**  
THAN MY **LAUNDRY**.

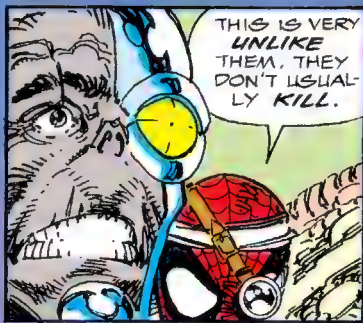
Approximate  
death toll of  
alien life forms:  
143,000+

OH,  
LORD.

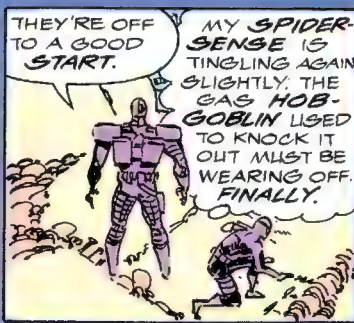
THIS  
IS NOT  
GOOD.

HOW  
COULD  
THEY DO  
THIS?



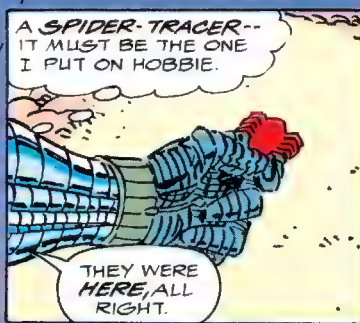


THIS IS VERY  
**UNLIKE**  
THEM, THEY  
DON'T USUALLY  
KILL.



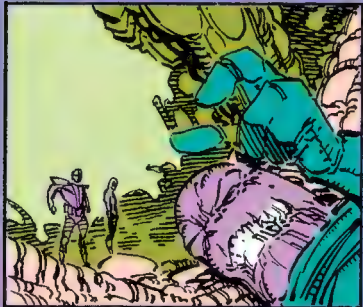
THEY'RE OFF  
TO A GOOD  
**START.**

MY **SPIDER-  
SENSE** IS  
TINGLING AGAIN  
SLIGHTLY. THE  
**GAS HOB-  
GOBLIN** USED  
TO KNOCK IT  
OUT MUST BE  
WEARING OFF.  
**FINALLY.**

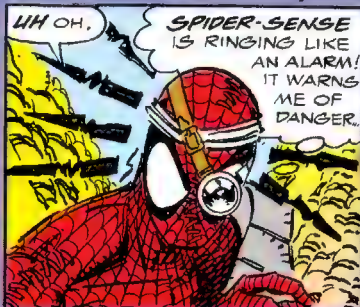


A **SPIDER-TRACER**--  
IT MUST BE THE ONE  
I PUT ON **HOBBIE.**

THEY WERE  
**HERE, ALL**  
**RIGHT.**

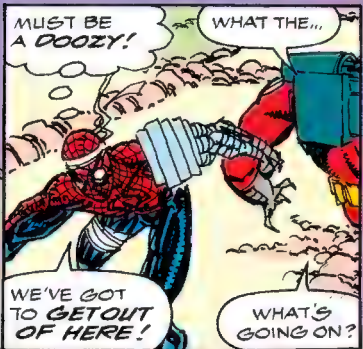


I THINK  
THESE  
GUYS MEAN  
**BUSINESS.**



UH OH.

**SPIDER-SENSE**  
IS RINGING LIKE  
AN **ALARM!**  
IT WARNS  
ME OF **DANGER.**

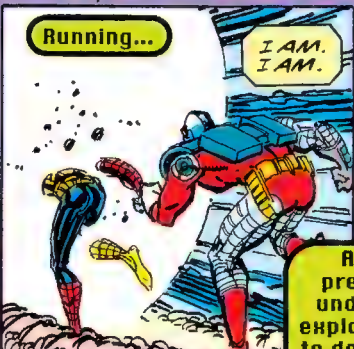


MUST BE  
A **DOOZY!**

WHAT THE...

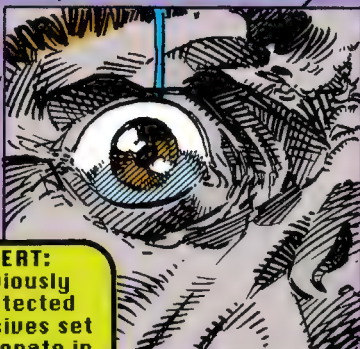
WE'VE GOT  
TO **GET OUT**  
OF **HERE!**

WHAT'S  
GOING ON?



**Running...**

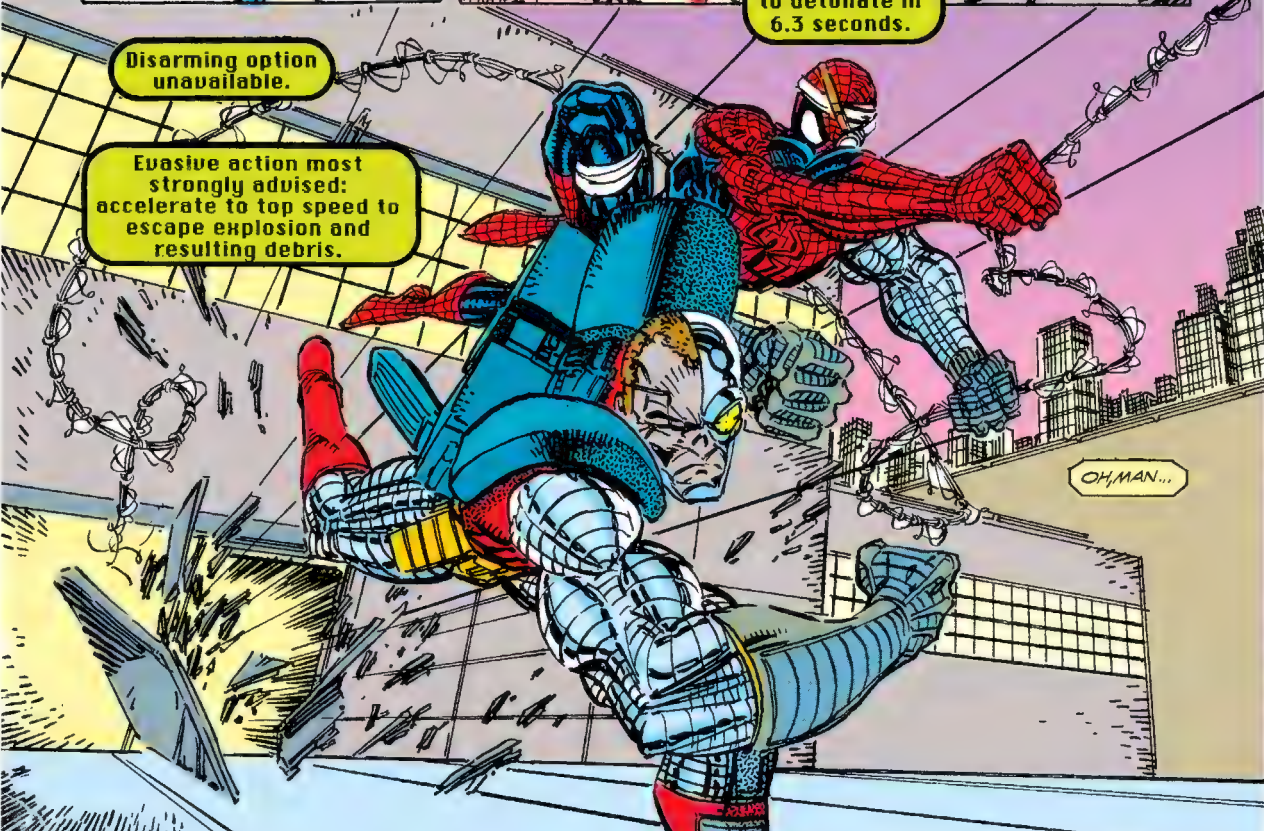
I AM.  
I AM.



**ALERT:**  
previously  
undetected  
explosives set  
to detonate in  
**6.3 seconds.**

**Disarming option**  
unavailable.

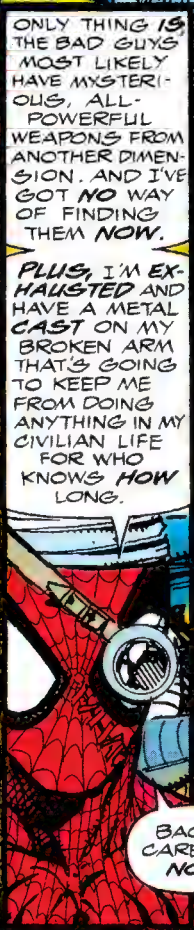
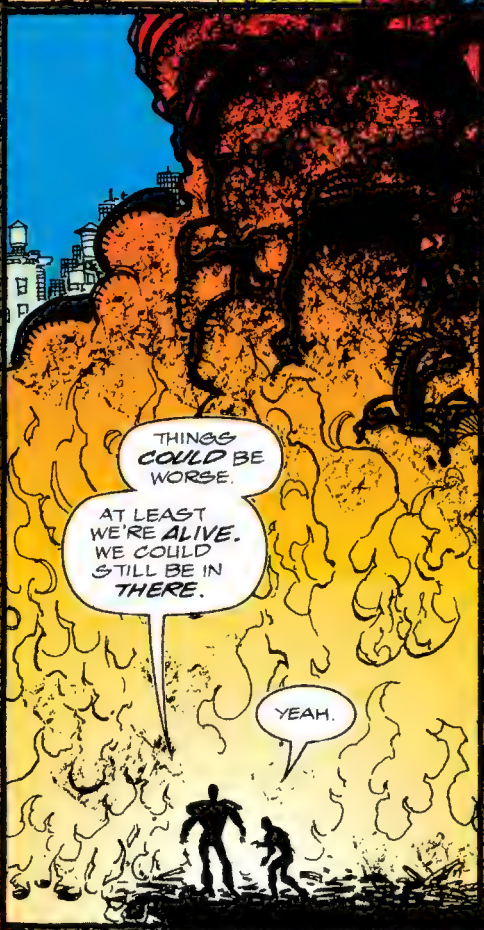
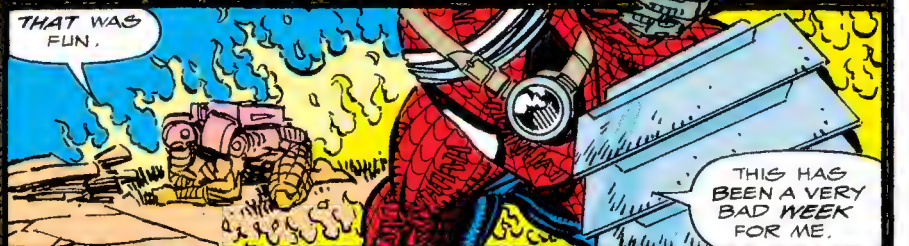
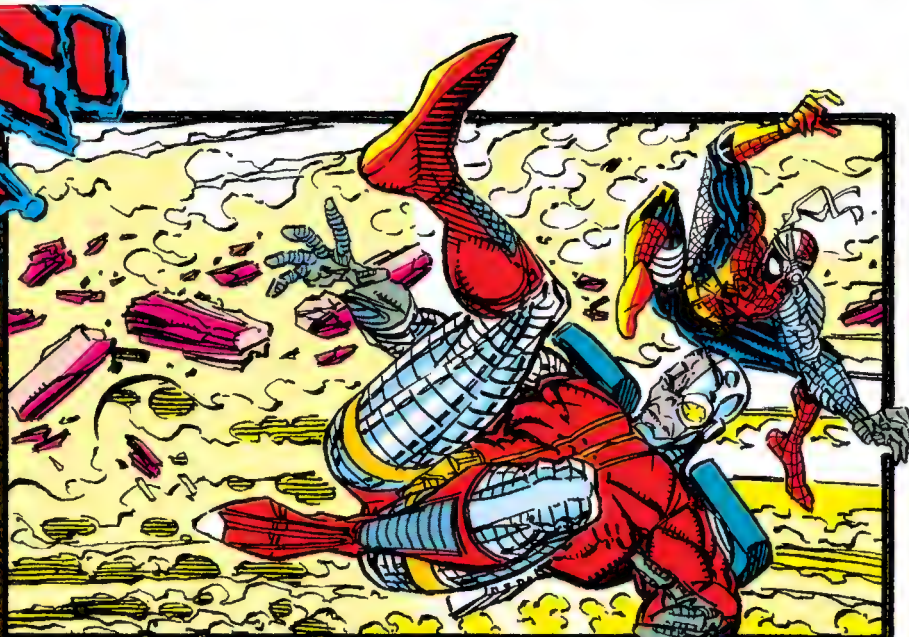
**Evasive action most**  
strongly advised:  
accelerate to top speed to  
escape explosion and  
resulting debris.



OH, MAN...



BAK BAK BAK



THAT WAS FUN.

THIS HAS BEEN A VERY BAD WEEK FOR ME.

ONLY THING IS THE BAD GUYS MOST LIKELY HAVE MYSTERIOUS, ALL-POWERFUL WEAPONS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION. AND I'VE GOT NO WAY OF FINDING THEM NOW.

PLUS, I'M EXHAUSTED AND HAVE A METAL CAST ON MY BROKEN ARM THAT'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM DOING ANYTHING IN MY CIVILIAN LIFE FOR WHO KNOWS HOW LONG.

OH, YEAH? MY REAL BODY'S BEING HELD SOMEWHERE AND I CAN'T LOCATE IT AND MY FAMILY IS WORRIED SICK ABOUT ME 'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE THEM LIKE THIS AND LET THEM KNOW THAT I'M 'OKAY.' SO, DON'T TELL ME ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS.

THINGS COULD BE WORSE.

AT LEAST WE'RE ALIVE. WE COULD STILL BE IN THERE.

YEAH.

WE SURVIVED. LET'S GO.

BACK TO CARE LABS... NOW?

NOW.



MANHATTAN.

OKAY, OKAY, YOU WIN!  
THAT LAST **BURST OF SPEED** REALLY LEFT  
ME IN THE DUST. YOU  
MUST GO THROUGH  
MORE **SNEAKERS**  
THAN...

OH GEEZ.

Death Toll: 47.  
Wounded: 162.  
Estimated  
property  
damage:  
\$4,873,657.22  
+/-3.235%

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE  
THIS.

THIS IS A  
NIGHTMARE.

IT'S  
WORSE.

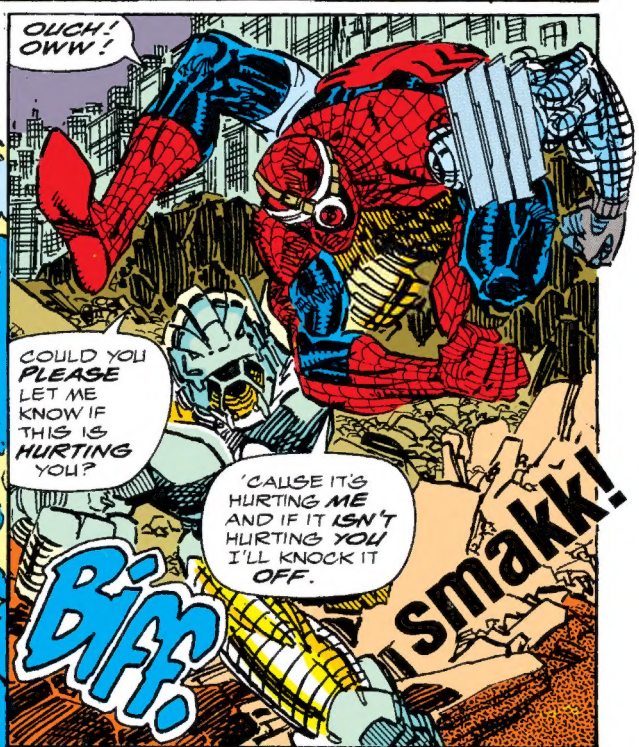
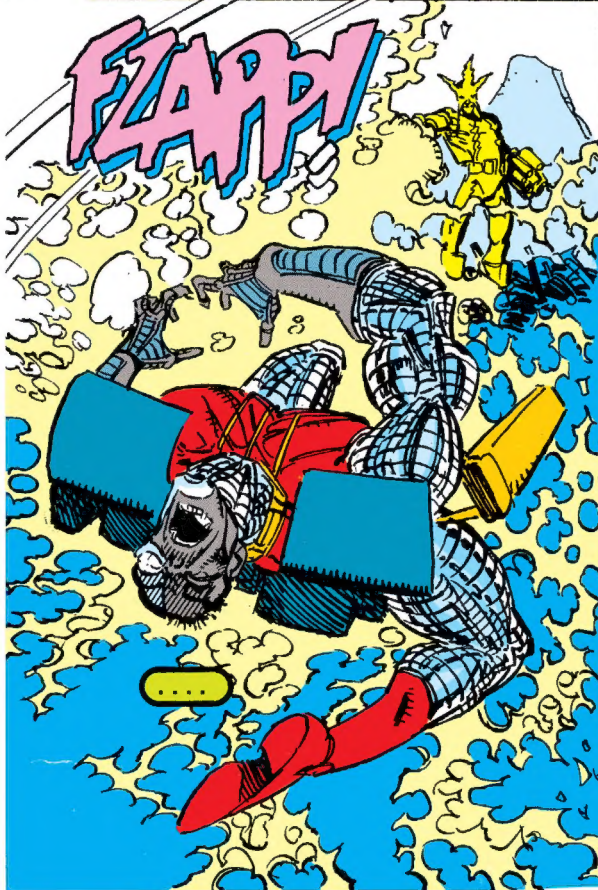
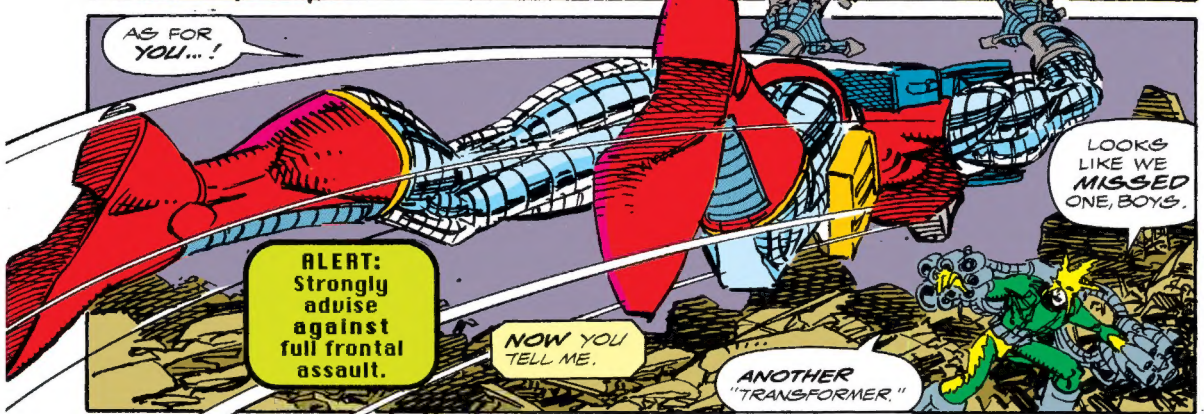
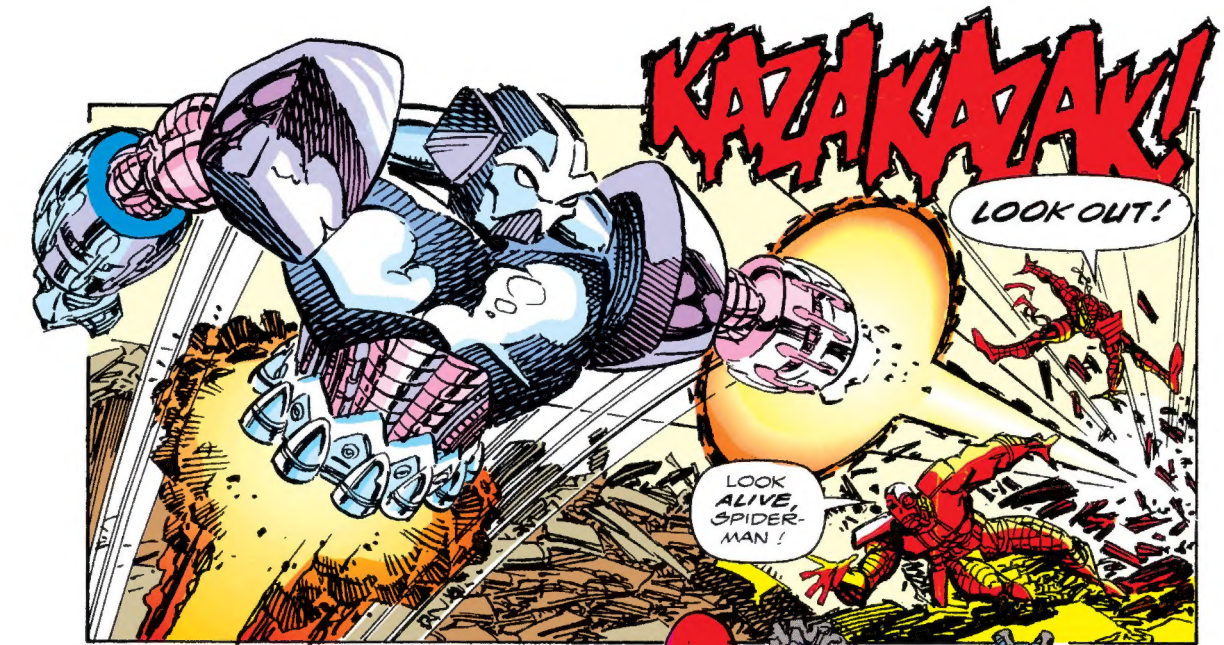
THIS IS  
REALITY--  
SOME OF THESE  
PEOPLE WON'T  
BE WAKING  
UP.

Subjects identified as  
A: Otto Octavius a.k.a.  
Doctor Octopus. B:  
Maxwell Dillon a.k.a.  
Electro. C: Jason  
Philip Macendale, Jr.  
a.k.a. Hobgoblin. D:  
Quentin Beck a.k.a.  
Mysterio. E: Adrian  
Toomes a.k.a. the  
Vulture. With William  
Baker a.k.a. the  
Sandman, group  
collectively known as  
the Sinister Six.

Robots identified  
as recently being  
stolen from\*- -

THAT'S  
ENOUGH.







POW!

UNNNNGHHH!

COMPUTER, ARE  
YOU THERE?  
ARE YOU OKAY?

whud  
whud  
whud

KAKABOOM!

HE'S  
DEAD.

HE'S  
DEAD!

WHA...?

OH MAN,  
IT'S CYBORG  
X!

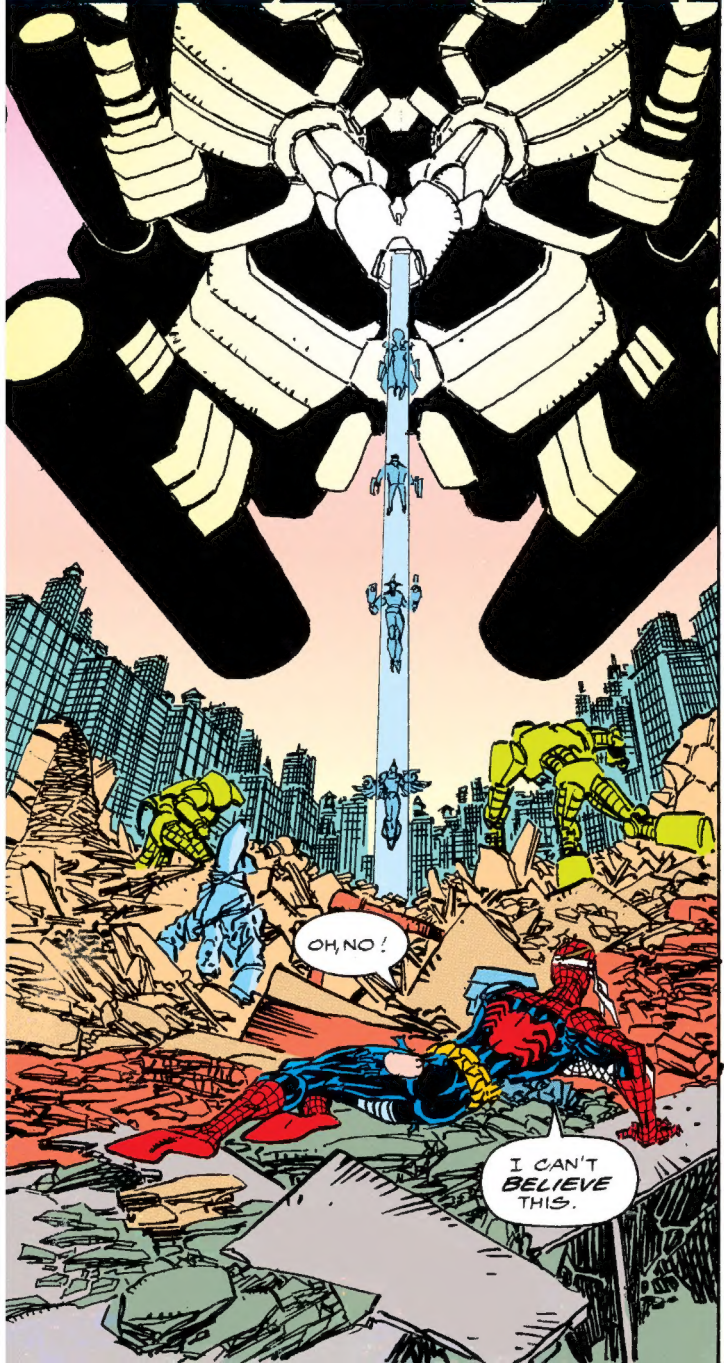
THEY KILLED  
HIM... GHOST  
RIDER AND I  
BATTLED HIM  
FOR ALMOST AN  
HOUR YET  
THESE GUYS  
KILLED HIM.

LOOK OUT!  
YEE-OOO!

OH, MAN,  
OH, MAN!

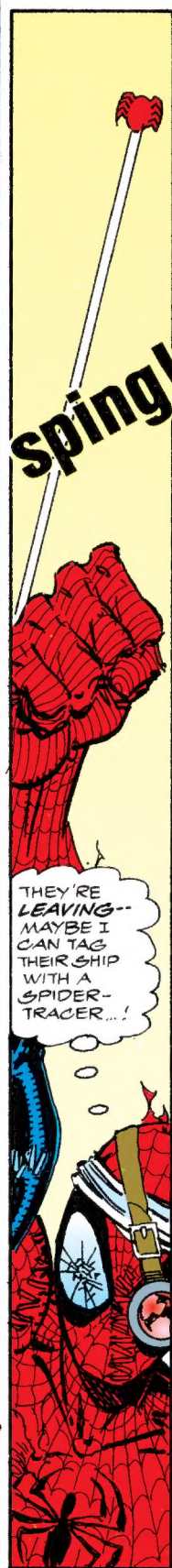


RRRRRRRR  
MMMMMM  
BBBBBB  
LLLLLLLL



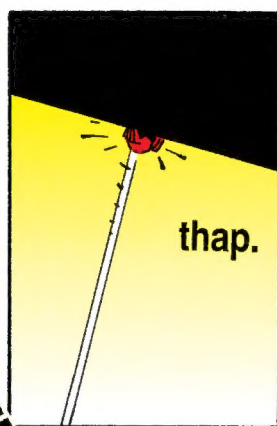
OH, NO!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS.



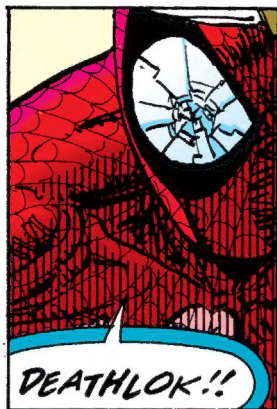
sping!

THEY'RE LEAVING-- MAYBE I CAN TAG THEIR SHIP WITH A SPIDER-TRACER...



thap.

I DID IT... I CAN GO AFTER THEM... *GASP!*... MAN, I'M BEAT. CAN BARELY STAND... DEATH-LOK, DID YOU... DEATH-LOK?



DEATHLOK!!



MAN OH MAN--HE'S BURIED-- OR MAYBE THEY TOOK HIM...

IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST...



I SURE HOPE PETER APPRECIATES ME DOING THE LAUNDRY FOR--



HONEY, I'M...

**CRASH!**

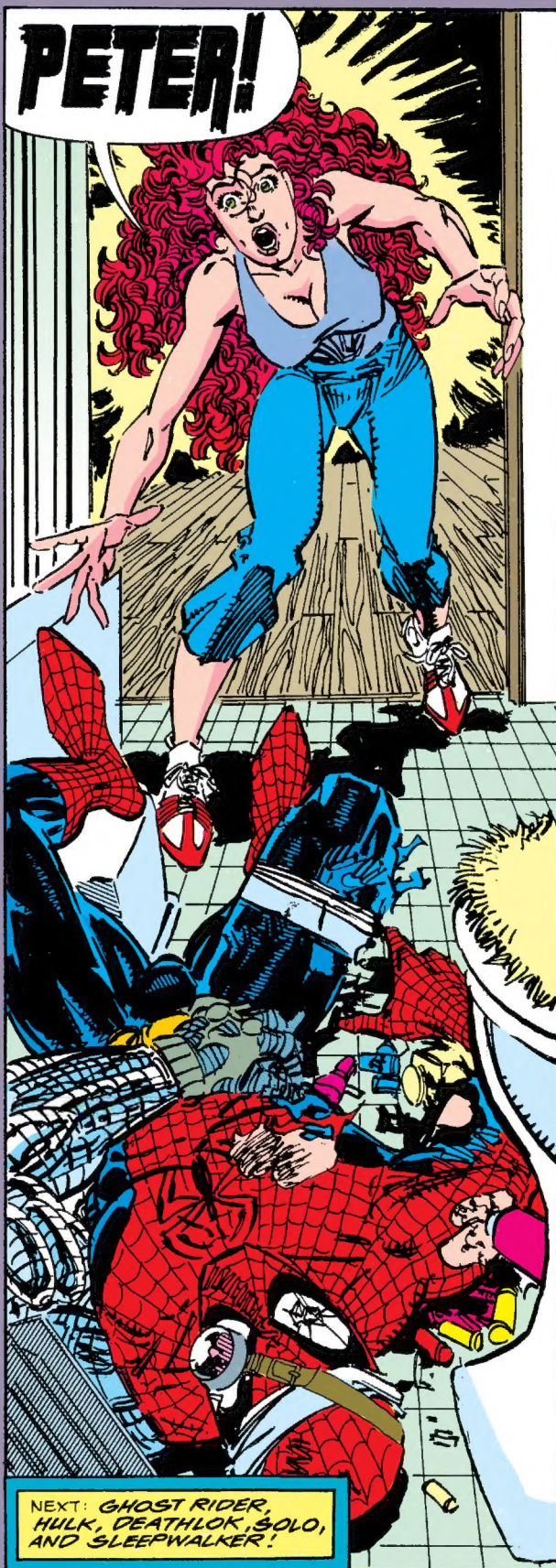


PETER...?

OH, MY GOD--  
PETER!



**PETER!**



NEXT: GHOST RIDER,  
HULK, DEATHLOK, SOLO,  
AND SLEEPWALKER!